THE DICKENSIAN

A Magazine for Dickens Lovers
and Monthly Record of the Dickens Fellowship

VOL. I. JANUARY, 1905. No. 1.

FOREWORD

THE Dickens Fellowship is now well into the third year of its existence. Started by a score or so of enthusiastic admirers of Dickens in October, 1902, it has, up to the present time, enrolled 6,500 members scattered the wide world over, and has established thirty branches, a list of which will be found on page 23 of this the first issue of its own official magazine. Almost from the inception of the Society it has been the expressed desire of its members that a magazine devoted to Dickens, his life, work, and influence, should be published. But it was felt by the responsible officers that the Fellowship should have time to establish itself firmly throughout the world before embarking upon such an undertaking, and their time and thought have been fully occupied in bringing about this consummation. It had been suggested by some that difficulty would be experienced in filling thirty-two pages each month for any length of time. There need be no misgiving on this point, however, if the scheme of the magazine is carried out upon the lines which we now set before ourselves.

Although the doings of the Fellowship throughout the world will be dealt with month by month in its pages, it is intended that the magazine shall be, as a whole, devoted to the vast subject of Dickens generally. In addition to original articles on the multifarious phases of Dickens's life and works, reproduction of pictures of places, portraits, and other illustrations, reprints will be given of contemporary reviews of his works, of articles bibliographical, biographical, topographical, by well-known writers of his time, from sources hitherto unavailable to the public, poetical tributes to the novelist—indeed, anything and everything likely to interest the student and lover of England's great novelist. Thus it will be seen that in course of time subscribers to *The Dickensian* will gather together a library of Dickensiana on a scale practically impossible to acquire in the ordinary way by the isolated collector. This class of enthusiastic student will find, too, *The Dickensian* of great value, for it is proposed to give in each issue, bibliographic details of all articles and references to the subject appearing during the previous month.

The features of the present number will appeal readily to readers. But attention is drawn to the cover, where is reproduced the design which appeared on the green wrappers of *The Pickwick Papers* as it was issued in the original shilling parts. It is intended, on the eleven subsequent parts, to reproduce the design from the wrappers of the other works, in the order they were issued, the design of *Oliver Twist* to occupy the cover of the February issue.

WHEN FOUND——

THREE new books which will be of great interest to Dickensians are on the eve of publication. The first is to be called *Synopses of Dickens's Novels*, and will be ready some time this month. It is by J. Walker McSpadden, who has already treated Shakespeare's plays in a similar manner. The second volume is by the late F. G. Kitton, and will form one of Messrs. A. and C. Black's Pilgrimage Series. *The Dickens Country*, as it is to be called, will not deal so much with the topography of the works as with Dickens's own personal associations with places and scenes. This is a new feature which will be appreciated by students of Dickens's life and character. Mr. Arthur Waugh, Vice-President of the Fellowship, and friend of Kitton, has written an appreciation of him which will form an introduction to the volume. It will be fully illustrated from photographs taken by Mr. T. W. Tyrrell, a member of the council of the Fellowship. The third volume is devoted to Dickens's life, and will appear in Bell's Miniature Series of Great Writers. It is written by W. Teignmouth Shore, the editor of the *Academy*, and is fully illustrated.

* * *

Next month will see the ninety-third anniversary of the birth of Dickens, which will be celebrated by the various branches of the Fellowship scattered throughout the world. In some instances it will take place on the 7th of the month, the actual birthday, and in others, to synchronise with the arrangements of the parent society in London, on the 8th. Mr. Henry F. Dickens, K.C., the President, will deliver his presidential address at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, and other speeches will be made on the occasion by many of the Vice-Presidents. Last year, in addition to the speeches, Mr. Dickens recited from one of his father's works, Mr. Bransby Williams gave a selection from his impersonations from the novelist's works, and Mr. Frank Speaight and others gave recitals. It is hoped that a similar programme will be arranged this year.

* * *

Last year a proposition was made by the Rochester Branch of the Fellowship to plant a row of trees along the road from Strood to Gadshill as a commemoration to Dickens's memory. The scheme, which had the approval of the President, is about to be partly carried into effect. The Estates Committee of the Corporation of Rochester has accepted the offer of the Fellowship, and the first trees will be planted opposite St. Nicholas Church, Strood. The Secretary of the Rochester Branch will be glad to receive contributions to the fund at once, so that a large number of trees may be included in the first section of the work.

* * *

When the question of purchasing the house in which Dickens was born was being considered by the Corporation of Portsmouth, there were some who prophesied its failure to interest the public sufficiently

to warrant its preservation as one of England's literary landmarks. To those persons the figures which have recently been published showing the number of visitors to the Museum since the house was opened as such will come as a surprise. In July there were 1,500, in August 5,800, in September 4,370, in October 2,050, in November 1,085, and in December 870, making a grand total up to the end of December of 15,675. The record day was August 15th, when 380 visitors entered the Museum.

* * *

The Dickens Ball which is to take place at the Empress Rooms, Royal Palace Hotel, Kensington, on the 30th inst., is yet another instance, if it were required, of the remarkable reality of the characters in the works of the novelist. No other novelist could be named in connection with whose books such an undertaking could be possible. The ball has been arranged, under the guidance of Lady Maud Wilbraham, in aid of a poor hospital at West Ham. It is under the patronage of H.R.H. Princess Christian and her daughter; H.S.H. the Duchess of Teck; the Duchesses of Beaufort, Roxburghe, Marlborough, and many other notabilities. The different sets of Lancers will be amongst the most attractive features, the dancers in each set being represented by characters from the same book. During the evening a Roger de Coverley will be danced by the grandchildren of Charles Dickens.

* * *

It has been said that Dickens and Christmas are synonymous terms. Evidence of the truth of this was apparent everywhere during the last week or two of the old year, as a glance at the list of books, magazine and newspaper articles dealing with Dickens, on page 25, which appeared during December, will prove. The works of the novelist are always in demand as presents at Christmas time, and we hear that they were even more so last month.

* * *

The portrait which forms the frontispiece to our present number will doubtless be unfamiliar to most readers. It is reproduced from a photograph, by Ernest Edwards, B.A., which appeared in a publication entitled *Portraits of Men of Eminence in Literature, Science, and Art*, in 1866.

* * *

The subject of the illustration on page 13 was designed by H. K. Browne to illustrate an incident in No. 3 of the first issue of *Pickwick* in monthly parts. Like the Buss drawing of "Mr. Pickwick at the Review," the above was probably submitted to the publishers as a specimen of "Phiz's" qualifications for the post of artist to continue the illustrations to *Pickwick* when abruptly interrupted by the death of Seymour, on the eve of the publication of Part 2. This design was too late for insertion apparently, and the artist was never commissioned to make an etching of the subject in question. It was first reproduced by photogravure with the facsimiles of the complete series of *Pickwick* drawings, given in the 1887 ("Victoria") edition, and afterwards in *Pictorial Pickwickiana*, by Joseph Grego.

SCOTT AND DICKENS

By PERCY FITZGERALD

SCOTT and Dickens offer the spectacle of two noble, large, and commanding natures of which any country might be proud. Not only have their writings gone forth to entertain the world, but their life and character have become public property, and recreate and delight the crowd as though they were historical. Both were kindly, amiable, large-hearted men, and both were loved by their friends. It must be said, however, that Scott was more of a strictly professional writer than "Boz." He did not give the better part of himself to his fellow-creatures —pleading for them, working for them, holding up to scorn and successfully removing abuses and oppressions. Scott considered himself merely as a story-teller, and not the briefed advocate for the poor. At this moment I can only recall a single passage of Scott where he takes up this rôle—the pathetic account of the fisherman's grief in *The Antiquary*. I am not venturing to find fault with the great and immortal Sir Walter, but merely note the fact.

There were some curious points of contact between the two. How remarkable that just as the pen fell from Scott's fingers the young writer should have been at hand to pick it up! He had been already at work in a small way, but only two or three years after Scott's death he burst on the world with *Pickwick*, which had perhaps as tumultuous a reception as *Waverley*. But *Pickwick* has held its ground for nigh seventy years, is reprinted in new and varied editions every year (one firm is now offering nine or ten at the same moment); but *Waverley*, respectfully admired—at a distance—is hardly read or called for. It "hangs like a rusty mail, quite out of fashion."

"Boz" was, however, associated indirectly with Scott in that curious quarrel between Lockhart and the Ballantynes, set forth in that group of pamphlets, *The Ballantyne Humbug*, and we find that one of the firm was eager to marry Miss Hogarth, sister to a clever young solicitor, but who prudently put the matter aside. In Scott's complicated embarrassments and his general dispute with the Ballantynes, this young man was called in to advise, draw up deeds, and make himself useful. He gained the approbation of the great man who, in many of his letters, speaks of him with much approbation and as a sort of *homme de confiance*. Lockhart also approved of him, and I fancy he had a good share in drawing up Lockhart's controversial pamphlets, where highly complicated accounts were set forth. No one, in fact, was better acquainted with that tangle.

With this connection he might have looked to great success in Scottish law practice, but he chose to abandon his profession and come to London to follow literature as a profession. Here he was one of the first to befriend the youthful Dickens, putting work in his way, and finally gave him his daughter Catherine in marriage.

Here, then, is a sort of dim connection with Scott. His father-in-law was Scott's adviser and counsellor, and how many a story and anecdote could he have told his son-in-law about the great wizard, of his humour, his fame, cheerful sayings, and distresses!

"Boz" himself had a fond feeling of admiration for, and attachment to Scott. This I have often heard him express. He loved *The Bride of Lammermoor*, but I remember once when he sent out for it, not having read it for years, he told me that he was disappointed, and that the construction was a little faulty.

No one has noticed that *Nickleby* in its plot very much reflects *Guy Mannering*. There is the lost son and heir. Ralph Nickleby recalls Gilbert Glossin; Squeers, Dirk Hatteraick; John Browdie, Dandie Dinmont.

The scene of the arrest of the smuggler in a cave recalls that of Squeers by Newman Noggs, and the interview of the former with the smuggler in the prison is like that between Squeers and Ralph in the jail. Mr. Pickwick's visit to Lowten at the Tavern is like the visit to the lawyer Pleydell at the Edinburgh "cellars." There is no "copying" here—it would be ludicrous to say so; but a sort of vision of the older story was before him.

There was a curious likeness also in their tastes. Scott's dream was to be a great territorial squire. Dickens also looked forward to setting up in a country place. Gadshill is for him what Abbotsford was for Scott. Both were exceedingly hospitable, free of their money, and hard workers. It was strange that both should have met their deaths from overstrain and that "pressure" which the public used to persist was dangerous, and which they used to laugh at.

But there is one striking difference. Scott was reared in comfortable circumstances—his boyhood was pleasant. He had not to endure grinding poverty and misery. His success came early to him. Dickens's childhood was sore and wretched; he passed through the fires. He had to bear and struggle. It is plain that these "purgatorial fires" left their mark upon his character, and supplied that charity and loving tender sympathy which somehow was lacking in the other, for the reason that he had not suffered. *Haud ignara mali miseris succurrere disco.* It was in that hard school that Dickens learned sympathy and tolerance. He learned also the virtue of exact business habits—punctuality, order, despatch. I came on a letter of his lately in which he notes applications for relief from perfect strangers, and he tells his man of business to go and inquire, and if he found all correct to give one £2, the other £3, or, if necessary, £5. This put with insistence, as though he were bidding him to go and pay a bill! Wonderful man! Now, Scott not having had this Spartan training, had not gained the power of self-restraint and moderation. There was a recklessness in his later extravagance that was extraordinary in so great a man. The Abbotsford purchases were due to a sort of mania, and led to his utter ruin.

It is remarkable that three such eminent Englishmen as Dr. Johnson, Carlyle, and Dickens had all to undergo the discipline of a hard and cruel childhood, and with desperate struggle and privations even. Johnson, at Oxford, found a pair of new shoes conspicuously left at his door, which he flung away disdainfully; Thomas Carlyle had to serve as a wretchedly paid Scotch dominie, and endured sad privations; while the child Dickens had to paste labels on blacking bottles, a degradation that wrung his very soul. Sam Johnson was a truly affectionate

son—witness his behaviour to his old mother. Carlyle was even more devoted, and included all his family in his affection; for nothing more sincere or touching than his anxious love for his mother can be conceived—and this when he was in sorest straits. Dickens was not so demonstrative, but, then, his parents were not likely to encourage such affection. Though they seem to have neglected him in his childhood, he repaid them by taking good care of them in his prosperity. Of one of his sisters Dickens was devotedly fond. Carlyle's was perhaps the noblest example of the three. It is common in his case to think of him as he appeared in his later years—the "Sage of Chelsea," the growling philosopher, grim and sarcastic. But the world knows but little of his early years of suffering. There was then quite another Carlyle. Nothing can exceed the grandeur of his endurance under the most serious trial, his constancy and hope, his adherence to high principle, his faith in the Almighty. He rigidly applied this faith to his practice. Johnson and Carlyle were both pedagogues; Dickens may have been one, for he tried many things, and has described such characters very vividly. All three won fame in a double capacity—as remarkable men, and striking unusual characters, as well as writers. Johnson and Dickens wrote novels, but Carlyle, though he once attempted one, had no talent for that sort of writing. Both Dickens and Carlyle loved Johnson—Carlyle wrote about him; while Carlyle and Dickens relished each other's writings. I have always wished that we could couple Scott and Dickens together in some way.

When he tries to account for the coldness and lack of sympathy which make the chief staple of Clennam's broodings, "Boz" seems to be thinking of his own childhood: "He was a man who had deep rooted in his nature a belief in all the gentle and good things his life had been without. Bred in meanness and hard dealing, this had rescued him to be a man of honourable mind and open hand. Bred in coldness and severity, this had rescued him to have a warm and sympathetic heart. Bred in a creed too darkly audacious to pursue, this had rescued him to judge not, and humility, to be merciful and have hope and charity."

These are almost awful words.

IMPROMPTU

WHO the *dickens* "*Boz*" could be
Puzzled many a learned elf,
Till time revealed the mystery,
And "*Boz*" appeared as *Dickens*' self.

C. J. DAVIDS.

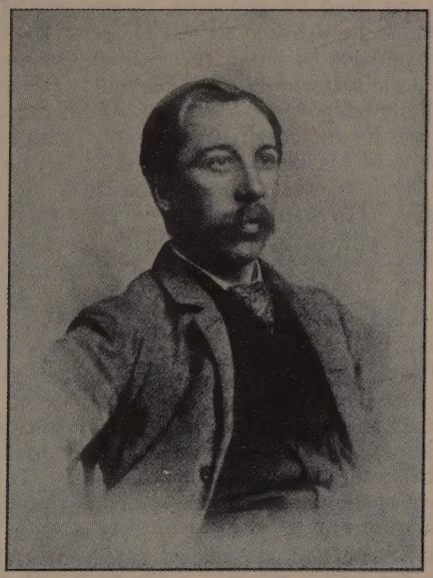
Bentley's Miscellany, No. 2.
March, 1837.

FREDERIC GEORGE KITTON

IN MEMORIAM

By ARTHUR WAUGH

THE first number of *The Dickensian* has to bear tribute to a loss which all lovers of Dickens have been lamenting during the last few months. Frederic George Kitton died last September, at the early age of forty-eight. He was just in the prime of his intellectual vigour; the study which he had devoted to his favourite subject, the work of Charles Dickens—study which had meant days and nights of laborious



THE LATE F. G. KITTON

and loving research—was just beginning to bear its fruit. He was everywhere recognised as the first living authority on Dickens lore; opportunities were coming to him from all sides for making profitable use of his elaborate knowledge; his best work seemed still to lie before him. And then suddenly, in the midst of his cheerful activity, he was discovered to be suffering from an insidious malady: an operation was found necessary, and from that operation he never really rallied. Years of hard work had deprived him of any sound recuperative faculty; he had not the vitality to overcome physical exhaustion; he sank gradually and peacefully to rest. Cheerful to the last, and heroically unselfish,

he left us an example of kindly, tender-hearted manhood, whose influence will remain with many of us as long as life itself.

It is impossible to say how much Dickens Literature, the Dickens Fellowship, and even the fledgling *Dickensian* itself, have lost by Kitton's death. He took the keenest interest in the idea of founding this little magazine; he was ready, with characteristic generosity, to place his knowledge and his pen freely at its disposal. Had he lived, we might have hoped that many interesting and obscure points in biography and bibliography would have been cleared up in these pages by the aid of his ready and intricate information. But all this is a very small part of a very wide loss, which extends far beyond the limits of the Fellowship. To that friendly company of enthusiasts he lent invaluable aid. He sounded no trumpet in the market-place; he never advertised his own performances upon the shoulder of Charles Dickens; his work was unobtrusive and self-effacing. But everyone felt that a Dickens Fellowship without Kitton in the forefront would have been a vain anomaly; and, when there was need for real work, he was one of the first to do it. The pains which he devoted to the Dickens Exhibition were but scantily rewarded perhaps by public recognition, but his knowledge and his resources were the mainspring of its success. He alone of the early founders of the Fellowship was the man who *knew;* on all small details of knowledge it was his memory that invariably came to the rescue.

And this memory of his, and the elaborate collection of Dickensiana upon which his memory was founded, gave him his unique position among Dickensians. He seemed to know everything that Dickens ever did, and almost everything that was done by his associates. And all this knowledge, which many another man of letters would have hoarded up and fostered into a monopoly, was ready, in the generosity of Kitton's heart, for any friend who sought enlightenment. It cannot be too often repeated, and his friends will never weary of remembering, that not one spark of professional jealousy ever tainted Kitton's kindly and open-hearted nature. It never seemed to occur to him that he might, so to speak, "establish a corner" in Dickens bibliography; if any man asked him a question, it was enough that he knew the answer for that answer to be furnished without hesitation. This generous trait was of the essence of the man. He was always giving himself to others, and asking nothing in return: nor did he ever seem to think that anyone whom he so served had any special cause for gratitude. Kitton, I dare swear, never made an enemy: it would have been impossible to misunderstand him, impossible to misjudge his simple, gentle, and sincere character. Frankness and a good heart looked out of his eyes upon a world which he had never learnt to distrust, and his world gave him back the recompense of a true man by trusting him in turn, and to the uttermost. Well indeed they might trust him, and well may they mourn now over the loss of him! A true labourer, content to do his work and not to talk about it: a generous friend, giving and forgiving: a man of the most human character, loving and beloved, he leaves behind him a memory that time will not efface, nor associations that intervene obliterate. For still—

"the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust."

DICKENS IN 1837*

A CONTEMPORARY CRITICISM OF HIS FIRST THREE BOOKS

IT is a difficult thing to distinguish between popularity and fame; and the distinction, though it may be made during the present time, must still wait the corroboration of the future. Literature undergoes greater and more frequent changes than the geological view of the earth points out in our globe: strata after strata are embedded and lost amidst the rushing of new tides, both of popularity and caprice; and we see that men who were the idols of the day are scarcely mentioned in a succeeding age, and only known to the curious. This is ever the effect of popularity without true fame: the adventitious circumstances by which a man attains popularity are no longer in action in a succeeding age; and if his popularity in the main depended on them, he is naturally forgotten.

People always like to have a *reason* for their likings or dislikings; and it becomes a fit subject of inquiry, whether Charles Dickens (Boz) has attained his astonishing and extensive popularity from the caprice of the moment, the patronage of the great, the puffing of booksellers, or from his own intrinsic merit; whether, in short, people have any reason (beyond the momentary impulse notoriety always creates) for their delight in perusing his works; and whether he has written that which catches the attention of the "fleeting hour," or that which the "world will not willingly let die." Two of the Quarterlies have taken up the subject, but not in our opinion with sufficient analytic power to settle the question, or to prevent our offering a few remarks. The *London and Westminster's* was immeasurably superior to the *Quarterly's*, (a blundering article, which made Boz's reputation to arise from his having "struck out a new vein" in the common language of the Londoners! an assertion as false as it is ridiculous,) but, as it seemed to us, very unequal in its criticism. Let us not be supposed to attempt supplying the deficiencies of these articles; all we would endeavour here is to examine some of the more prominent features in Mr. Dickens' genius.

"Boz" has perhaps a wider popularity than any man has enjoyed for many years. Not alone are his delightful works confined to the young and old, the grave and gay, the witty, the intellectual, the moralist, and the thoughtless of both sexes in the reading circles, from the peer and judge to the merchant's clerk; but even the common people, both in town and country, are equally intense in their admiration. Frequently have we seen the butcher-boy, with his tray on his shoulder, reading with the greatest avidity the last "*Pickwick*," the footman, (whose fopperies are so inimitably laid bare,) the maid-servant, the chimney-sweep, all classes, in fact, read "*Boz*." And how has this surprising popularity been attained? Not a puff—with the exception of an occasional extract in the newspapers, hardly a notice—no patronage heralded his fame. He chose, perhaps, the worst possible medium for making his *entrée*—the columns of a newspaper! Yet

* *National Magazine and Monthly Critic*, December, 1837.

such was the delicacy of touch, the fineness of observation, and the original, quiet humour of these papers, that he was induced to collect and publish them in two volumes. When the "Sketches" came out, "Have you read Boz?" was the eternal question. We have traced his popularity upwards, and have, in our limited way, done not a little to make all we knew acquainted with them; but we own that we were fairly astonished at the rapidly increasing popularity of his name. Byron used to say, that he awoke one morning and found himself celebrated: Boz may say the same; for never was a more rapid, more deserved a reputation made.

The "Sketches," though distinguished by the same nicety of observation that startles us with its fidelity, and a great fund of humour and sympathy, are more evidently the first efforts of a strong genius, and stand, in comparison with the "Pickwick Papers," and "Oliver Twist," rather in the shade. In them he certainly did approach nearer to Washington Irving than any living writer; but we think he now transcends his model. In his two last and most celebrated works, we find qualities combined which no other writer ever had; to compare him to Theodore Hook, (who, with a certain talent of a certain sort, has never written any thing that will live,) is absurd. Theodore Hook is all extravagance and affectation—writing like a man who wishes to be thought a gentleman, and considers that a profound contempt for the *canaille* and Bloomsbury Square are the requisite characteristics. "Boz" should be compared to no one, since no one has ever written like him —no one has ever combined the nicety of observation, the fineness of tact, the exquisite humour, the wit, heartiness, sympathy with all things good and beautiful in human nature, the perception of character, the pathos, and accuracy of description, with the same force that he has done. His works are volumes of human nature, that have a deep and subtle philosophy in them, which those who read only to laugh may not discover; but an attentive reading (and we have read some of the numbers three or four times) will convince any one that in nothing he has written has amusement been his only aim.

Boz has been accused of not giving individuality to his characters—an accusation, we think, particularly unsound. We would beg the reader to bear in mind that a character may be hit off by a master hand in a few lines, and yet retain so perfect an individuality as never to be confounded. Again, a character may be left to develope itself in the action of the work—a method Scott always preferred; or, thirdly, it may be described at length, and with great accuracy of detail. The two first methods have been adopted by Boz; the latter (which we conceive as the worst, but which we think his reviewers have mistaken for the only one) he has not attempted. We would ask, are Jingle, Pickwick, the two Wellers, Solomon Pell, the Medical Students, Old Wardle, Job Trotter, not individuals in the truest sense of the word? That they partake of generality is admitted; and they partake of it from the very fidelity to nature with which they are drawn; for, however different individuals may be, there are always certain generalities running through every class;—*if there were not, how should we class them?*—and of these generalities alone do Boz's more prominent characters partake. The fat boy we admit to be a caricature, yet it

gives variety to the work, and is too palpable to admit of cause to criticise; he is very laughable, and his peculiarities, however exaggerated, in many situations give great drollery to the scenes. But what we have more to notice regarding him, is that which has been entirely overlooked by the critics. On a former occasion (p. 277), we pointed out a canon, which we think must be always applied to works of imagination, *viz.*, extravagance is *inconsistent imagination;* poetry is *consistent imagination*, i.e. *consistent with itself.* Thus, when Ovid, by a beautiful prosopopœia, creates Echo, he so *sustains* the creation throughout, that, though absurd in point of nature, it is true to poetry. Let this be applied to the "fat boy." The creation of this character is not true to nature, (and it is immediately seen not to be,) but it is consistent with itself throughout. It has also been said that no man ever uttered broken sentences like Jingle; this we deny, for we ourselves knew a man, who, long before the Pickwick came out, always spoke in that way. "Glorious day, my dear sir—fished—caught plenty—dined—capital wine—good fellow," and so forth.

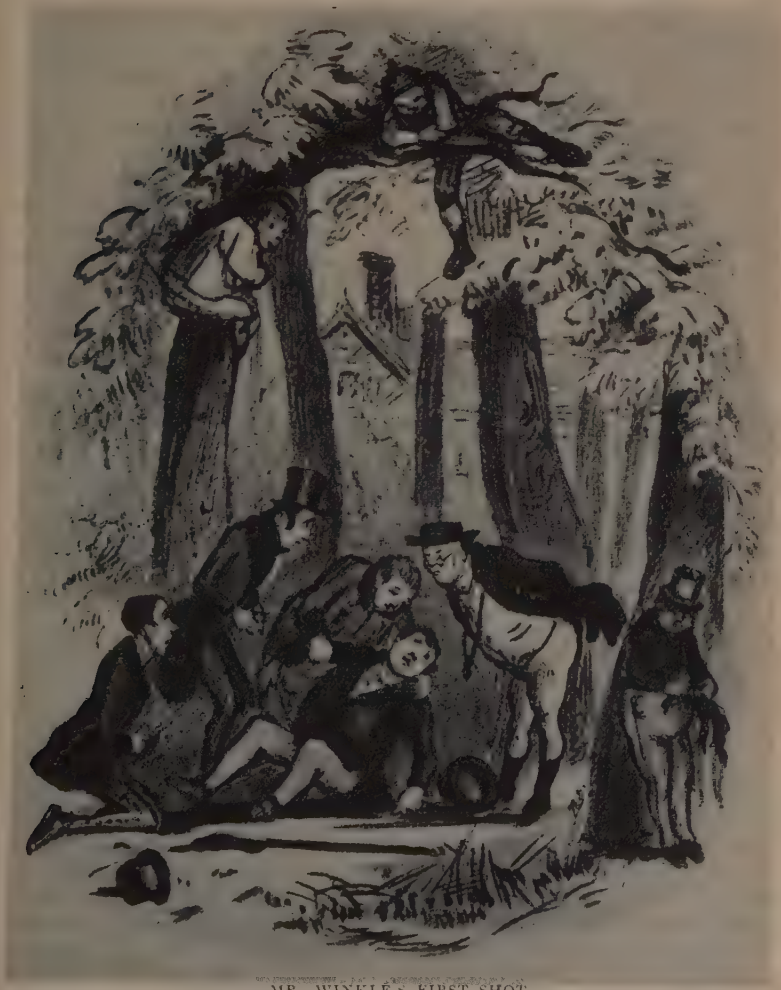
If asked by what peculiar talent is Boz characterised, we find ourselves at a dead fault—if we feel inclined to say, startling fidelity of observation, his wit and humour rise before us, and compel us to pause; and we are obliged to answer that we cannot fairly say what we think he is greatest in, but that it is a combination of those qualities (before enumerated) that characterises him. Look, for instance, at the trial scene, the "Swarry" at Bath, the Medical Students' supper, the scene with Editor Pott and his Wife, (with her throwing herself on the rug, and asking why she was born,) the scene in the Fleet, the Christmas Party, the Review, the Sliding and Skating, (with Tupman screaming "*Fire*" when his leader fell into the water,) the Election, Nupkins Mayor, the Temperance Meeting, the Madman's Manuscript, and the Stroller's Tale, or any of the admirable situations in this book, and then ask yourself to which quality do you give the preference? There is one thing worthy of notice, because it speaks the kindliness of his heart and the sympathy of his nature; and that is the charm which he throws over every nature, making you love it in spite of yourselves. As for Pickwick, he is the incorporation of benevolence, with a dash of the infirmities of humanity; the two Wellers gain every one's good word; so does Wardle; and even Jingle, scamp though he be, shows many of the better points of our nature, and we like him in spite of ourselves. There is also another thing which is remarkable. Although he takes us into scenes of the lowest description, (more particularly in Oliver Twist,) and although he gives us the language of vagabond, thief, footman, ostler, and gentleman, catching their several idioms with the most surprising felicity, yet there is not a single coarse word, or one allusion that could call a blush into the cheek of the most fastidious; and it is this circumstance which has not unfrequently raised our bile, to hear affected, mincing girls (who would come admirably under Swift's definition of a *nice* man, "one with *nasty* ideas,") who utter all their indelicate words in *French*, say they cannot read "Boz," he is *so low!* This disgusting affectation alarms some people from mentioning "Boz" (without exception the purest writer of the day) before them. We have said "Boz" was the purest writer

of the day; not alone in his language, where, when one of his low characters have to utter an oath, he does not give us this expression, but adds, "with a fearful oath," or some such phrase, which does not destroy the illusion by making blackguards gentlemen, neither does it offend with the expression no lady should read, but he is the purest also in his morality, and this is the most estimable purity, for the offence of the one is that it is dirty, of the other, that it is corrupting!

"Boz's" satire is the finest that we ever read, because it is generally satire by *implication*, not personality—we do not say that it cuts so deep as Voltaire or Swift, or that it crushes like Hobbes—but it is pointed enough for its purpose, and has none of the bitter, withering tincture which forms so large a portion of satire in general; and it is done in that style that one might easily suppose an individual under the lash laughing at it himself, and feeling its deep truth at the same time—an effect very different to the satire of the great writers above-mentioned. And this satire is also more powerful, for when a man makes us writhe, we are more apt, with roused feelings, to attack him than to think of reforming ourselves, as was the case with Cobbett; he shocked the prejudices of people too abruptly—told them they were fools in too plain a manner, to make them feel so. The meeting of the "Pickwickians," and the speeches on the occasion, the Lion Hunting, Mrs. Leo Hunter, the Elections, the Two Editors, and the Discussion of the Seventeen Foreign Learned Societies and the Seventeen Home Learned Societies on the stone, bearing "Bill Stumps, his mark," are playful touches of satire, yet one or two of them containing startling truths.

One of the peculiar merits of "Boz" is that of bringing before us things which we have all noticed hundreds of times, yet which we never thought of committing to paper, and they are written with such unaffected ease, that we feel convinced he has witnessed every thing of the kind, and laughed at them. Then, too, his language, even on the most trivial points, has, from a peculiar collocation of the words, or some happy expression, a drollery which is spoiled by repeating or reading aloud, because this drollery arises from so fine an association of ideas that the sound of the voice destroys it. We cannot help remarking, however, in this respect, a continual straining after humorous things, and this straining gives a laboured air to the work, besides which, it gives a want of light and shade, which fatigues the mind, if reading much at a time. While we are finding fault, an ungrateful task, and one which we feel rather reluctant about, when it is with one from whom we have derived so much gratification—we would notice the incongruity (the more remarkable in one so true to nature) of which he has been guilty in the character of "Oliver Twist." To say nothing of the language which this uneducated workhouse-boy ordinarily uses, there are many phrases which amount to positive absurdities in one of his standing, among which is his reply to Mr. Bumble (when about five or six years old), that he feels as if the blood was rushing from his heart, or some such metaphor, to express his grief. These are sad blots in this otherwise surpassing work—a work pregnant with philosophy and feeling, such as a metaphysician would be proud to have developed, with the same nicety and fidelity of observation, the

same admirable delineation of character, and the same wit and humour as the Pickwick. What characters are the artful Dodger, Grimwig, Nancy, and Mr. Bumble! We feel we must conclude, although we have not said one half of what we wished, or what we ought to have said. We have, we hope, fulfilled in some measure our purpose, *viz.*, to shew that Boz has hit fame, not popularity, or in other words, that the admiration with which he is almost universally regarded, is well founded.



MR. WINKLE'S FIRST SHOT

Facsimile of an unused drawing by Phiz

THE PHILOSOPHY OF DICKENS*

MRS. BAILLIE SAUNDERS'S book, though it contains very little that is new to the student of Dickens, is yet a very interesting and valuable addition to Dickens literature. The author very truly says in her Preface that "you cannot, of course, praise Dickens any more than you can praise Shakespeare, or pat a sunbeam on the back"; but, as there are in England a certain class of people who extract some kind of glory from the professing to be unable to read him, she thinks that perhaps there is room for a few words pointing out "those consistent teachings, those deeper meanings, which raise this man to a great preacher." Well, there is always room for a few words of genuine appreciation of the marvellously—ay, unique—human spirit of Dickens's books, but if Mrs. Baillie Saunders hopes to convert these avowed "unbelievers," I am afraid she will be disappointed. There are two classes of these "unbelievers"—the "superior" people who will not believe, and the unfortunate people who cannot see in *A Christmas Carol* anything more than an interesting ghost story, and surely it is hopeless to attempt to convert either class. Mrs. Baillie Saunders is a true lover of Dickens. Every page of her book is ablaze with an enthusiasm which is inspiring.

What is the "sweet philosophy of Dickens"? Mrs. Baillie Saunders answers the question, and she tells us that it is the philosophy of the New Testament—Love; love for all men and for all mankind. Yes, his was "the gospel of kindness, of brotherly love, of sympathy in the highest sense of the word." Do we wonder without reason when we hear people belittling this great and good man because he was not successful in the construction and unravelling of a plot? Mrs. Baillie Saunders's book is a book that should be read by every lover of the master novelist, for it is the work of one who knows her subject, and who writes with a whole-hearted and entirely unaffected enthusiasm.

DICKENS AND MARYLEBONE†

IT is not my province to treat of this book here otherwise than in so far as it refers to Dickens's associations with Marylebone. The chapter headed "Dickens in Marylebone" is replete with interest for the Dickens lover. I am afraid there are some of us who will take exception to the author's assertion that "we as a nation now despise Dickens." We all know very well that there are a select class who do despise him, but that we as a nation do so, I cannot bring myself to believe. Mrs. Baillie Saunders seems to me to harp rather unnecessarily on the fact that the "heretics" are never met with in America. It is true, but after all the voice of the English "heretic" is as the voice of one crying in the wilderness. The English people are

* *The Philosophy of Dickens:* a study of his life and teaching as a social reformer. By Mrs. Baillie Saunders. London: Henry J. Glaisher, 3*s.* 6*d.* net.

† *The Great Folk of Old Marylebone.* By Mrs. Baillie Saunders, with illustrations by the author and a map. London: Henry J. Glaisher, 2*s.* 6*d.* net.

not as a whole such monsters of ingratitude as Mrs. Baillie Saunders would have us believe. It is a curious fact that the house No. 1, Devonshire Terrace, has not the interest of Dickens lovers that Gadshill has, because, after all, "Boz" lived here during the happiest years of his life. Here Longfellow visited him; here many happy hours were spent with Carlyle, Landseer, Hood, Macready, and others; here he wrote the story of Little Nell, *Martin Chuzzlewit*, *A Christmas Carol*, *Dombey and Son*, *The Cricket on the Hearth*, *Barnaby Rudge*, *American Notes*, *The Battle of Life*, *The Haunted Man*, and *David Copperfield*. Mrs. Baillie Saunders identifies many of the characters in these books with people who lived in Marylebone at this time. It is somewhat difficult to follow her when she tells us that from Dickens's own letters "there are strong hints that Mrs. Nickleby is a portrait of Mrs. Dickens in later life." In the first place, it is not quite clear what this has to do with "Dickens in Marylebone"; in the second place, it seems to have been hardly necessary to make the remark in any case; and in the third place, *Nicholas Nickleby* was written quite soon after he was married, and when both he and his wife were young. One can hardly help thinking that this remark had better have been left unwritten. One could produce other instances from this chapter in which the author has not verified her information. For instance, she tells us that in these early days "Boz" owned a country house at Gadshill, and that it was often his custom to get up in the night and walk there from Devonshire Terrace. We all know that he was in the habit of indulging in long night walks, but it certainly is not a fact that he had a house at Gadshill when he was living at Devonshire Terrace. But, apart from this, the chapter is wonderfully entertaining to the Dickensian. The book as a whole is full of interest, and the illustrations are excellent.

POETICAL TRIBUTES TO CHARLES DICKENS

I

ON HIS "OLIVER TWIST"

NOT only with the author's happiest praise
Thy work shall be rewarded;—it is kin
To theirs who, steeling finest nerves to win
Great blessings for mankind, explor'd the maze
Oppression's ages harden'd; trod the ways
Where fruitful sorrow hacks and quickens Sin,
To draw forth strains of music from the din
Of passions; in the culprit soul to raise
Sweet thoughts of goodness; bid the fetters fall
And hail the slave immortal;—for within
Wan childhood's squalid haunts, where frightful needs
Make tyranny more bitter, at thy call
An angel face with patient sadness pleads
Undying kindred to the heart of all.

Christmas Day, 1838. T. N. TALFOURD.

DICKENS CALENDAR OF QUOTATIONS

COMPILED BY "OLD FLEET"

Jan. 1.—"May the New Year be a happy one to you, happy to many more whose happiness depends on you! May each year be happier than the last, and not the meanest of our brethren or sisterhood debarred their rightful share in what our Great Creator formed them to enjoy."—*The Chimes.*

Jan 2.—"Be diligent . . . work for a steady independence, and be happy!"—*Dombey and Son*—Sol. Gills.

Jan. 3.—"Cheerfulness and content are great beautifiers, and are famous preservers of youthful looks."—*Barnaby Rudge.*

Jan. 4.—"Every failure teaches a man something, if he will learn."—*Little Dorrit*—Mr. Doyce.

Jan. 5.—"It is dreadful to observe how long a bad example will be followed; but it is encouraging to know that a good example is never thrown away."—*A Child's History of England.*

Jan. 6.—"Ah! how seriously . . . I have thought . . . of the terrible folly of ever quarrelling with a true friend on good-for-nothing trifles!"—*Letter to John Forster.*

Jan. 7.—"Nothing ever happened in this globe, for good, at which some people did not have their full of laughter in the outset."—*A Christmas Carol.*

Jan. 8.—"The hardest head may co-exist with the softest heart."—*Speech at Manchester.*

Jan. 9.—"Perhaps it is a good thing to have an unsound hobby ridden hard; for it's the sooner ridden to death."—*David Copperfield*—David.

Jan. 10.—"There's no situation in life so bad that it can't be mended."—*Pickwick Papers*—The Buxom Cook.

Jan. 11.—"Our life is not too easy taken altogether; it will bear any little smoothing we can give it."—*The Battle of Life*—Mr. Snitchey.

Jan. 12.—"An honest man is one of the few great works that can be seen for nothing."—*Martin Chuzzlewit*—Mr. Pecksniff.

Jan. 13.—"It is required of every man that the spirit within him should walk abroad among his fellow-men."—*A Christmas Carol*—Marley's Ghost.

Jan. 14.—"It is a common remark, confirmed by history and experience, that great men rise with the circumstances in which they are placed."—*Master Humphrey's Clock.*

Jan. 15.—"Never fear, good people of an anxious turn of mind, that Art will consign nature to oblivion. Set anywhere, side by side, the work of God and the work of man, and the former . . . will gain in dignity from the comparison."—*Hard Times.*

Jan. 16.—"It's in vain to recall the past, unless it works some influence upon the present."—*David Copperfield*—Betsy Trotwood.

Jan. 17.—"I hold the opinion that there is a great deal too much patronage in England. The better the design, the less . . . should it seek such adventitious aid, and the more composedly should it rest on its own merits."—*Letter to Unnamed Correspondent.*

Jan. 18.—"May not the complaint that common people are above their stations often take its rise in the part of *un*common people being below theirs?"—*Nicholas Nickleby.*

Jan. 19.—"When we have done our very, very best, and that is not enough, then . . . the right time must have come for asking help of others."—*Holiday Romance*—The Princess Alicia.

Jan. 20.—"Let us examine sacredly whether there is any wrong entrusted to us to set right."—*Little Dorrit*—Arthur Clennam.

Jan. 21.—"What's right is right, and you can't neither by tears nor laughter do away with its character."—*Dr. Marigold.*

Jan. 22.—"I never repeat what I hear; it is the only way of paring the nails, and shaving the head of Rumour."—*Hunted Down*—Mr. Slinkton.

Jan. 23.—"The hardest and best borne trials are those which are never chronicled in any earthly record, and are suffered every day."—*The Old Curiosity Shop*—The Old Schoolmaster.

Jan. 24.—"I believe that Virtue shows quite as well in rags and patches as she does in purple and fine linen."—*Speech at Boston, U.S.A.*

Jan. 25.—"There is no playing fast and loose with truth, in any game, without growing the worse for it."—*Little Dorrit.*

Jan. 26.—"Fortnet or misfortnet, a man can but try; there's nowt to be done wi'out tryin'—'cept laying down and dying."—*Hard Times*—Stephen Blackpool.

Jan. 27.—"There are some people who can be merry and can't be wise, and some who can be wise (or think they can) and can't be merry."—*The Old Curiosity Shop*—Dick Swiveller.

Jan. 28.—"No one is useless in this world who lightens the burdens of it for anyone else."—*Our Mutual Friend*—John Harmon.

Jan. 29.—"Amendment to us all. There's room enough, God knows."—*Dombey and Son.*

Jan. 30.—"The one serviceable, safe, certain, remunerative, attainable quality in every study, and in every pursuit, is the quality of attention."—*Speech at Birmingham.*

Jan. 31.—"A man must take the fat with the lean; that's what he must make up his mind to in this life."—*David Copperfield*—Mr. Omer.

DICKENS IN DURBAN

A COPY of the *Natal Advertiser* for December 22nd last has reached us, containing an account of the second annual dinner of the Durban Pickwick Club. The President, Mr. H. M. Whiteman, was in the chair, and among those present was Sir David Hunter, K.C.M.G. Mr. A. H. Tatlow gave, in a delightful speech, "The Memory of Dickens." The great novelist was, he said, a man whom they could never forget, whose memory would be ever green. Mr. Tatlow referred in eloquent terms to the early struggles of Dickens, and showed how, with all the horror and tragedy of those early days, they had combined to make the novelist what he was. Dickens, he added, opened a new era in the history of humanity. It was because of his humanity and his humour that his books were read in the palaces of the great as well as in the cottages of the poor.

Sir David Hunter, in proposing "Durban Pickwick Club," said that the preservation of the writings of Dickens was the main object of the club. He thought that Dickens had sometimes created characters that did not exist in the world, and he quoted Sam Weller and Mark Tapley as examples, but somehow or other the creation of these characters had made the characters real to them. They knew the characteristics, and saw them every now and then cropping up in human affairs. As long as humanity existed there would always be a moment of yearning in the people's lives like that of little Paul Dombey, as he wondered what the sea was saying all the day long—a yearning moment not in that particular sense, perhaps, but a vague outstretching of the mind towards infinity.

The chairman in reply sketched the short career of the club, and showed how, from a select coterie of Dickens lovers, it had grown so as to include a wider circle of members. He was satisfied that the club had come to stay.

In submitting "Kindred Associations" Mr. W. Osborne referred to the Dickens Fellowship, the object of whose members was to uplift their fellow-men.

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

HERE, THERE, AND EVERYWHERE

LONDON

AT the monthly meeting held at the Memorial Hall, Farringdon Street, on Wednesday, December 7th, there was a large attendance. Mr. Arthur Waugh presided, and before introducing Mr. John Harwood, made an appeal on behalf of the funds for Meals for Poor Children Fund.

Mr. Harwood, who is a vice-president of the Manchester branch, gave a charming recital of *The Cricket on the Hearth*. This book is probably, as the chairman remarked, second only to the *Carol* in point of popularity, and though, perhaps, it has not the irresistibleness of the *Carol*, it none the less is deserving of its popularity. One hears that it is sombre. Mr. Harwood showed that it was nothing of the kind, and often as he proceeded there was a hearty burst of merriment. In the more dramatic parts, too, he was exceedingly clever, and his acting of the characters of Caleb Plummer and Tackleton was really splendid. Indeed, the whole was a splendid performance, and there were no dissentients either in heart or voice when, at the conclusion, the chairman thanked Mr. Harwood for a delightful evening's entertainment.

At the Regent Street Polytechnic Hall, on December 16th, Mr. Speaight gave his recital of *A Christmas Carol* in aid of our Fund for Poor Children's Meals. Mr. Speaight, despite the small attendance, was in splendid form, and his hearers were heartily appreciative. The glorious book was splendidly recited, and at the close Mr. Speaight was recalled more than once.

NEEDLEWORK AND CHARITABLE GUILD

DECEMBER is always a busy month for the Guild, there are so many to think of. The "annual sale of work," for which goods arrived from all parts of the country, was held on December 2nd. It was opened by Mrs. Wentworth Johnson, supported by Mrs. Henry F. Dickens and others. Mrs. Johnson read an excellent paper on "The Master," to which Mrs. Snowden Ward replied. The chair was taken by Mr. Snowden Ward, and the work of selling went on briskly throughout the evening. Many ladies and gentlemen wore Dickens character costume; the series of short musical and dramatic entertainments, by members, helped to enliven the proceedings, the whole of which were a great success financially as well as socially.

Then there were Christmas gifts to think of! Cards, scrap-books, toys, books, warm garments (and in a few special cases even a Christmas dinner) found their way to sick and needy in all parts of fog-bound London. Generous quantities of clothing had been received; the sorting out and repacking was no light task, but the parcels carried Christmas cheer and gladness to many homes—as letters of grateful thanks bear witness—and it will gladden the hearts of all Guild contributors to know that they have sent a ray of sunshine into the gloom of poverty and suffering.

EDINBURGH AND DISTRICT BRANCH

ON December 8th, 1904, a paper on "Pickwick" was read by Mr. David W. Gunn, acting vice-president. The mode of treatment was worthy of the subject, which was handled in a masterly manner, which was much appreciated—the paper being illuminated by the reading of choice and humorous extracts culled from the pages of the book. On December 22nd a musical and dramatic recital was held in the Goold Hall, St. Andrew Square. The hall is seated for 200, and was comfortably filled. The programme for the evening was most successful. In the course of the entertainment a collection was taken, the proceeds of which, after paying expenses, will be devoted to the cause of the poor and destitute in Edinburgh.

PORTSMOUTH BRANCH

THE second meeting of the session was held on December 5th at the Albert Hall, when a capital programme, arranged by Mrs. Masters, was provided, comprising songs and instrumental music. At intervals during the items Mr. Herbert Beecroft gave three sketching recitals: "Mrs. Squeers, Mr. Squeers, Smike, and Mobbs," "Mr. Pecksniff, Tom Pinch, Sairey Gamp, and Mark Tapley," and "Tony Weller, Sam, Miss Pecksniff, and Augustus Moddle." Mr. Beecroft's clever and rapid drawings were much appreciated by the audience. On December 19th Mr. Frank Speaight, who had created such an impression by his recital in November of *The Pickwick Papers*, visited Portsmouth again to give his rendering of the *Christmas Carol* in aid of the charitable funds of the branch. On February 7th the birthday of Dickens will be celebrated by a tea to 600 children in Southsea Pier Pavilion. After the tea the children will be entertained by professional artists for two hours, and oranges, sweets, and toys will be distributed. The Blind Library in connection with this branch, under the control and care of Mrs. Maggs, is very much appreciated.

MANCHESTER BRANCH

AT the December meeting of this branch Mr. J. Cuming Walters, editor of the *Manchester Evening Chronicle*, read a most interesting paper entitled "Solving 'The Mystery of Edwin Drood.'" Mr. Walters, who has devoted many years to the study of this mystery and the various theories which have been advanced with regard to its solution, kept his audience on the *qui vive* while he unfolded a new and original theory of his own. This important contribution to Dickensian literature will probably be issued ere long in book form, and Mr. Walters, therefore, requested the audience not to divulge his solution to the public. Mr. Henry Guppy, M.A., Librarian of the John Rylands Library, who presided, described the paper as a remarkable piece of reasoning, and among others who took part in the discussion were Messrs. Gadd, Dinsmore, and Collings.

The Council of this branch is considering the question of forming a Needlework and Charitable Guild, which it is hoped will not only be of service to the poor, but also be the means of bringing the lady members into closer touch with each other.

Arrangements are also being made for joining in the Dickens Birthday Celebration in a manner worthy of the occasion.

WEST LONDON SUBURBAN BRANCH

A SUCCESSFUL meeting of this branch took place on Thursday, December 8th, at St. Stephen's Church House, Shepherd's Bush. Miss Edith Mead gave beautiful renderings of "The Death of Jo" (*Bleak House*), and "Miggs's Watch" (*Barnaby Rudge*). Mrs. Barnard recited with spirit "As a Little Child" (by the Rev. E. Husband, a Vice-President of the Fellowship) and a poem by Dickens included in Wilkie Collins's play *The Lighthouse*. Mr. Chevob gave a reading from *Bleak House*, concerning Mr. Chadband's discourse in the family circle of his devoted admirer, Mrs. Snagsby.

Mr. C. H. Sanctuary delivered a short lecture on the "Clergymen of Dickens."

A pianoforte solo by Mrs. Meyrick Wood, and a duet by the Misses Witchell, contributed to the pleasant evening spent. Dr. Malham occupied the chair. Mr. J. H. Watson, of Acton, was elected to fill a vacancy which had occurred on the Committee.

LEEDS BRANCH

THE branch has had very successful meetings during the first half of its session, which have been held, as in the past, in the Church Institute, a penny being charged to members and threepence to non-members. This arrangement is found to work very well, and is recommended to other branches as helping to pay rent of room, and keeping the subscription down to a minimum of one shilling, which otherwise would be insufficient. Meetings during the first half of session were as follows :—

October 15th, Readings ; October 22nd, "Pickwickian Days," by Frank Kidson ; November 5th, "Old Friends," by Miss R. Hartop ; November 12th, "Charles Dickens: His Life and Work," by F G. Jackson ; November 26th, Dramatic Recital: "An Evening with Boz," by A. P. Snodgrass ; December 3rd, "Tom and Ruth Pinch," by the President (G. F. Furniss) ; December 17th, "Wherein Dickens Excels," by G. Holbrook Jackson.

The second half of the syllabus is not yet arranged. The birthday celebration will be held on February 7th, probably at the Grand Central Hotel. Treats for poor children are already in arrangement, a committee of ladies having been appointed. At one meeting £1 6*s*. was collected towards the Lady Mayoress's Fund for poor children.

New members and those old ones who have rejoined number sixty. Very great regret was expressed at the sad and untimely death of the late Mr. Kitton.

SHREWSBURY BRANCH

A MEETING of this branch was held at 73, Wyle Cop, Shrewsbury, on Wednesday, December 14th. Mr. John Pool (Chairman) presided, and there was a good attendance. Mr. W. L. Booth gave an enjoyable reading from *The Old Curiosity Shop*, and was accorded a hearty vote of thanks. It was decided to engage Mr. Frank Speaight, of London, to give a public recital from *The Pickwick Papers* in the Working Men's Hall, on January 18th, the proceeds to be devoted to providing a treat for poor children in the borough. Owing to the Christmas holiday, the next meeting of the branch was fixed for January 4th. A vote of thanks to Mr. John Davies for the use of the room concluded the business.

SOUTHAMPTON AND DISTRICT BRANCH

THIS branch, founded by Miss Moody, is now by her endeavours fully established with a list of members numbering over sixty, and with every promise of an increase to that number.

The first entertainment and concert of the branch, arranged by Miss Moody, took place on November 12th at the Foresters' Hall, Freemantle, Dr. Graham in the chair. There was a large audience, and an excellent programme was gone through. Mr. G. Worth gave the opening reading, a selection from *Nicholas Nickleby ;* Dr. Graham, "Mr. Bumble's Courtship" ; Rev. W. Garwood, "Pickwick *v.* Bardell" ; Mr. G. Hemming, from *A Tale of Two Cities.* The Misses McClanaher (2) and E. Child gave pianoforte solos and duets ; Miss Blake, Miss Bailey, Miss Angus, and Mr. Sprange, songs.

The December meeting was held at No. 148, High Street, Mr. J. J. Dillon in the chair, and again an excellent programme was submitted, which was commenced immediately after an eloquent address from the chairman. Mr. Mouncher read "The Death of Little Nell" ; Mr. G. Hemming, "Newgate Prison" ; the Rev. W. Garwood, from *The Cricket on the Hearth.* Miss Gadd contributed pianoforte solos, Miss E. Starkey sang, Mr. Mouncher gave a violin solo. The birthday celebration will be held by this branch on February 8th. It has not yet been decided as to what form this shall take.

BRISTOL AND CLIFTON DICKENS SOCIETY (AFFILIATED)

At the last monthly meeting of the above branch, held at the C.M.S. Hall, Mrs. A. J. Tonkin contributed a paper on the "Humanity of Charles Dickens," in which the kindly feelings, sympathies, and benevolence of the author, as portrayed in his life and writings, were well described and interpreted. The humour and pathos of Dickens were also admirably depicted. An excellent rendering of the *Christmas Carol* was given by Mr. Theo Jones, partly as a reading and partly as a recital, from memory.

The President, the Rev. A. N. Blatchford, was in the chair, and in a few appropriate words thanked Mrs. Tonkin for her admirable paper and Mr. Theo Jones for his recital. A collection was made for a deserving case of need which had come under the Society's notice.

BLACKHEATH BRANCH

The Blackheath, Lee, and Lewisham branch held their monthly meeting on Friday evening, December 16th last, at the Plough Hotel, Lewisham, the President, Alderman W. Brown, J.P., being in the chair. There was a large audience to hear a most interesting lantern lecture by Mr. James E. Palmer, Chairman of the Council of the Fellowship and Hon. Secretary of the local branch, on "The River Thames, and its Associations with Charles Dickens." Besides referring to the many places on the river connected with the writings of Dickens, and the numerous houses which were known to and frequented by the novelist, almost every place of historical interest and nearly all the most picturesque spots were mentioned and pictorially illustrated. A pleasing feature was the introduction of musical illustrations, and a number of river songs by Mrs. A. A. Pett, Mr. and Mrs. Martin, the Misses Lily Garwood and Dorothy Mace, and Mr. G. J. Brown. A collection made on behalf of the fund for providing a dinner to one hundred old folk shortly after Christmas realised £1 5*s.* 8*d.*

BRIXTON BRANCH

On Monday evening, December 12th, a meeting was held in the Ladies' Parlour of Brixton Independent Church, Mr. P. A. Jones, President, in the chair. In consequence of the serious illness of Mr. J. Stuart, the afternoon Sale of Work (by "Little Dorrit" Society—Mrs. A. Stuart, Hon. Secretary), as previously announced, had been postponed. It will be held at an early date in the new year.

Mr. J. S. Baines gave a reading from *David Copperfield*—the friendly waiter at Yarmouth—in his usual pleasant and artistic style; and he added some interesting remarks, referring to a letter written September 24th, 1843, by Charles Dickens to Miss Burdett-Coutts (recently published in the Christmas number of *The Quiver*) relative to ragged schools, Dickens being greatly interested in the subject of popular education. The programme also comprised readings as follows: Mr. S. R. Marriott, "The Calais Mail"; Mr. Skeen, "Kit Nubbles and Party at Astley's"; Mr. H. Grinyer, "Toby Veck at Dinner"; and Mr. R. Allbut, "The Schoolboy's Story." Two songs excellently rendered by Miss Hoch during the evening were much appreciated.

On Wednesday, December 21st, despite the wretched weather, a goodly company of adventurous souls assembled at Brixton Independent Church, Mr. William Miles being engaged to give his recital of the old but always favourite *Christmas Carol*. Mr. Miles rendered the story of Scrooge, his ghostly visitations and ultimate conversion, in dramatic and masterly fashion, giving unalloyed satisfaction and enjoyment to all concerned.

The chair was taken by the Rev. Bernard J. Snell. During the evening three carols were admirably sung by the juvenile members of the church choir, with organ accompaniment.

ROCHESTER BRANCH

THE December meeting of the Rochester branch was held in the "Pickwick" Ballroom of the Bull Hotel, on Wednesday, December 7th. M. W. C. Barker, jun., presided. Several new members were elected.

Mr. Paul Mathews, M.A., read an interesting paper on "Another Kentish Humorist," dealing with the works of the Rev. Thomas Barham ("Ingoldsby"). Mr. Mathews trusted that his hearers would forgive him when he said that the immortal Dickens was not the only humorist England or Kent had produced. He then told something of Barham's life-story, and proceeded to speak of the famous and delightful *Legends*.

At the conclusion Mr. Mathews was accorded a hearty vote of thanks.

BRIGHTON BRANCH

CHARLES DICKENS'S *Christmas Carol* has not lost any of its pathos as the years roll on. Those familiar with almost every line of it ever find something more inspiring, while those introduced to it for the first time seem enthralled. At the December meeting Mr. W. F. Fowler renewed acquaintance with Scrooge, Bob Cratchitt, Tiny Tim, and Marley's Ghost. His recital of *A Christmas Carol* took place at Steine House, Brighton, and was largely attended. Mr. B. Lomax presided. Mr. Fowler has an intense love for the author of *David Copperfield*, and because of such he throws his whole soul into his Dickens recital. Good as previous recitals have been, he surpassed them yesterday evening, and fairly made the whole of the *Christmas Carol* characters live, and the many delightful and pathetic scenes pass vividly before his audience's eyes. He was assisted vocally by Miss Ethel Duly, Miss Llewellyn, and Mr. Lewis Mennich, who sang selections befitting the recital. Mr. B. O. Nash was the accompanist.

NOTTINGHAM BRANCH

AT the meeting of this branch on December 15th, *Great Expectations* was discussed, and several members gave readings from this book. The President, the Rev. H. Telford Hayman, gave an interesting survey of the work. No syllabus has been prepared in connection with this branch, but meetings are held fortnightly, at which the succeeding meetings are arranged. It is hoped that the anniversary of the birth of Charles Dickens will be celebrated on February 7th.

BIRMINGHAM BRANCH

AT the December meeting of the above branch, held on the second of the month, a good company of members assembled to hear the peculiarly interesting paper given by Mr. Howard S. Pearson on "Dickens and Birmingham." Mr. C. W. Davis also gave a paper, entitled "Some of Dickens's Female Characters," and Mr. E. J. Tinnings a reading from one of the novels. The birthday celebrations of this branch will be held at the Temperance Hall on February 7th, when Miss Marie Corelli, one of the Vice-Presidents of the branch, will give an address on "The Work and Spirit of Charles Dickens."

THE DICKENS FELLOWSHIP

President: HENRY F. DICKENS, K.C.

Past President: PERCY FITZGERALD, M.A., F.S.A.

Hon. Financial Sec. and Treasurer: S. R. MARRIOTT.

Hon. General Sec.: J. W. T. LEY.

Hon. Secretary of the Charitable and Needlework Guild: MISS EMILIE M. MINIKEN.

Headquarters:
WHITCOMB HOUSE, WHITCOMB STREET, PALL MALL EAST, LONDON, S.W.

LIST OF LOCAL AND PROVINCIAL BRANCHES, WITH THEIR SECRETARIES

ADELAIDE (South Australia).
DAVID H. BOTTRILL, 6, Register Chambers, Grenfell Street.

BIRMINGHAM.—FRANK YOXALL, 62, Stamford Road, Handsworth.

BLACKHEATH, LEE, AND LEWISHAM.
J. E. PALMER, 2, Marischal Road, Lee.

BRIGHTON.—COLIN COVELL, 94, Centurion Road.

BRISTOL AND CLIFTON DICKENS SOCIETY (Affiliated).
C. ANDREWS, 36, Beauley Road, Southville, Bristol.

BRIXTON.—ROBERT ALLBUT, 14, Fairmount Road, Brixton, S.W.

CHESTER (Pa., U.S.A.).—Miss M. C. O'NEILL, 802, Edgmont Avenue.

DIXCOVE (Gold Coast).—E. R. WILSON, Dixcove.

EDINBURGH.—GEORGE BRAND, 6, Comely Bank Terrace.

FOLKESTONE.—G. B. TRENT, 65, Sandgate Road.

GRIMSBY.—T. H. GALE, Bleak House, Hainboro' Avenue.

HASTINGS AND ST. LEONARDS.
W. W. HOAD, "Rossall," Braybrook Road, Hastings.

LEEDS.—FRANK KIDSON, 128, Burley Road.

LIVERPOOL.—A. H. HEAZELL, 66, London Road, Liverpool.

MAIDSTONE.—Mrs. HARRIS, 23, Knightrider Street.

MANCHESTER.—A. HUMPHREYS, "Olinda," Longsight, Manchester.

MARSHALL (Michigan, U.S.A.).
Miss F. S. CLARK, Marshall, Michigan, U.S.A.

MELBOURNE (Australia).—JOHN H. CROWTHER, "Highbury," Havelock Road, Upper Hawthorn.

NOTTINGHAM.—S. HINTON EDWARDS, 38, Premier Road.

NEW YORK (U.S.A.).
Mrs. W. E. NYE, 5, East 84th Street, New York City, U.S.A.

PORTSMOUTH.—PERCY MAGGS, 9, Grove Road, N. Southsea.

ROCHESTER.—E. F. COBB, 20, High Street.

SHEFFIELD.—T. W. PADMORE, 126, Albert Road, Heeley, Sheffield.

SHREWSBURY.—JOSEPH JENKS, Julian's Friars.

SOUTHAMPTON.—Miss E. E. MOODY, 123, Millbrook Road.

STOCKPORT.—W. HATFIELD, 42, Adswood Lane West.

SUNDERLAND.—S. CROUCH, 23, Erith Terrace.

WALTHAMSTOW.—F. G. GARNER, 59, Grosvenor Park Road.

WEST LONDON SUBURBAN.
A. E. HURDLE, 19, Alfred Road, Acton, W.

WINNIPEG (Canada).—W. STAPLETON, Y.M.C.A., Winnipeg.

YORK.—G. MEDD, Park View, Acomb.

Full particulars of the Fellowship and forms of membership can be obtained from any of the above secretaries.

DIARY OF DICKENS MEETINGS

Jan. 2. Brighton Branch: Monthly Meeting.
,, 3. Winnipeg Branch: Lecture by the Rev. W. Buttrum.
,, 4. London: Recital of "Pickwick Papers" in six chapters, by Mr. Frank Speaight, at Memorial Hall.
,, 6. Manchester Branch: "Charles Dickens and his Friends," by E. J. Collins, at Accountants' Hall.
,, 6. Nottingham Branch: Meeting at Mechanics' Institute. Miss Brinckman, "Impersonation of Dickens Female Characters," and Reading by the Secretary.
,, 9. Brixton Branch: Monthly Meeting. Programme by Mrs. Stuart and Miss Richman.
,, 9. Portsmouth Branch: Concert, arranged by Mr. W. J. Grooves, at Albert Hall.
,, 11. York Branch: "A Tale of Two Cities," by Councillor T. Anderson.
,, 11. Brighton Branch: Vocal and Instrumental Concert.
,, 12. Edinburgh Branch: "Dickens and the Literary Life," by Mr. J. E. Parrott, at 5, St. Andrew's Square.
,, 12. Rochester Branch: "Henry Fielding and Charles Dickens," by Mr. J. H. Whitfield.
,, 13. Blackheath Branch: Dinner to one hundred aged poor, with Entertainment to follow.
,, 13. Birmingham Branch: Three papers by Mr. W. Tidmarsh, Mr. Charles Askew, and Mr. Moore, on "Dickens's Life and Work."
,, 13. Recital of "Pickwick Papers," by Mr. Frank Speaight, at Wesleyan Church, Denbigh Road, W.
,, 13. West London Suburban Branch: Meeting at Lecture Hall, Ealing, 8 p.m. Reading of "A Christmas Carol."
,, 17. Bristol and Clifton Dickens Society (affiliated). Conversazione. Members dress in Dickens characters. At C.M.S. Hall, Park Street.
,, 17. Winnipeg Branch: "Charles Dickens as a Social Reformer," by Dr. Woolland.
,, 18. Stockport Branch: "Charles Dickens," by the Rev. C. Nelson Dove, at Stockport Sunday School.
,, 19. Southampton Branch: Meeting at 140, High Street.
,, 20. Blackheath Branch: "Dickensian Humbugs," by Woodford Sowray, at Obelisk Hall.
,, 20. Sheffield Branch: Papers and Readings at Cutlers' Hall.
,, 23. Portsmouth Branch: Special Concert for philanthropic funds, at Albert Hall.
,, 25. York Branch: "Hard Times," by Mr. A. Lorraine.
,, 26. Edinburgh Branch: Address by the President, the Rev. Jas. Stevenson, at 5, St. Andrew's Square.
,, 26. Nottingham Branch: "Dickens's Child Characters," by the President.
,, 31. Winnipeg Branch: "The Evolution of Dickens," by Professor Will, of Manitoba College.

TO READERS

In order to make this list as complete as possible the Editor would feel obliged if secretaries of branches who have not already done so, and readers generally, would send him particulars from month to month of all meetings in any way connected with Dickens and his works.

DICKENS FELLOWSHIP BOOKPLATE

A Dickens Fellowship Bookplate for the books in the Fellowship Library has been designed by Herbert Beecroft, the well-known Dickens artist and caricaturist. Members and collectors can obtain copies at the Headquarters of the Dickens Fellowship. Price *6d.*, or post-free *7d.*

DICKENSIANA MONTH BY MONTH

BOOKS

The Philosophy of Charles Dickens. By Mrs. Baillie Saunders. With a portrait of Charles Dickens. Crown 8vo, 3*s.* 6*d.* net. London: H. J. Glaisher, 57, Wigmore Street, W.

The Children's Pickwick. Chosen and annotated by Thos. Cartwright, B.A., B.Sc. (Lond.). With coloured and other illustrations. Crown 8vo, 1*s.* 3*d.* London and Edinburgh: T. C. and E. C. Jack.

NEW EDITIONS AND REPRINTS

Bijou edition of the Christmas Books, comprising *A Christmas Carol*, *The Chimes*, *The Cricket on the Hearth*, *The Battle of Life*, and *The Haunted Man.* Printed on Oxford India paper. Illustrated. The pages measure two inches by one inch; 1*s.* net each. London: Chapman and Hall, Ltd., and Henry Froude.

CHRISTMAS ANNUALS

"Christmas Days with Charles Dickens." By Percy Fitzgerald, M.A., F.S.A. With illustrations. *Pears' Annual.*

"The Man who Invented Christmas." By the late F. G. Kitton. *Portsmouth Times* Christmas number.

"The Haunted House." By Charles Dickens. *The Gentlewoman* Christmas number.

MAGAZINE ARTICLES

"Dickens and Christmas." By C. Van Noorden. Illustrated. *English Illustrated Magazine*, December.

"Outdoor Men, ix., Charles Dickens. The Real Father Christmas." By one who knew him. (Ithuriel.) With a portrait after Ary Scheffer, and surrounded by characters by Tom Browne. *C. B. Fry's Magazine*, December.

NEWSPAPER ARTICLES

"Infant Phenomenon." *Daily Telegraph*, December 1st.

"Mr. Vincent Crummles." Letter by Charles Lander. Also leading article on same. *Daily Telegraph*, December 3rd.

"The Dickens Christmas." By R. B. Suthers. *The Clarion*, December 2nd.

"Dickens and Christianity." By Robert Allbut. *The Easy Chair*, December 3rd.

Our Dickens Examinations. "The Old Curiosity Shop." *The Easy Chair*, December 3rd.

"The Novelist of Christmas." *The Pictorial Magazine*, December 3rd.

Our Dickens Examinations. "Barnaby Rudge." *The Easy Chair*, December 10th.

"The Pickwick Bicycle Club." By B. W. Matz. *The Easy Chair*, December 10th.

Our Dickens Examinations. "The Christmas Books." *The Easy Chair*, December 17th.

Great Books of the World. "A Christmas Carol." By Arthur Waugh. *The Easy Chair*, December 17th.

Our "Pickwick" Examination—Result. *The Easy Chair*, December 17th.

"Dickens and December." A fireside essay. By George Edgar. *The Easy Chair*, December 17th.

"Charles Dickens and Christmas." By William Francis. Christmas Number *Birmingham Weekly Post*, December 17th.

"Chats with Ghosts." Phantom Visitors from Dickens-Land. *Answers* Christmas Number, December 17th.

Leading Article on Dickens and Christmas. *The Northern Whig*, December 19th.

"Miss Marie Corelli and Dickens." *Daily Mirror*, December 22nd.

"A Dream of Dickens." How the novelist's spirit still inspires Christmas. *Daily Express*, December 24th.

Our Dickens Examinations. "Nicholas Nickleby." *The Easy Chair*, December 24th.

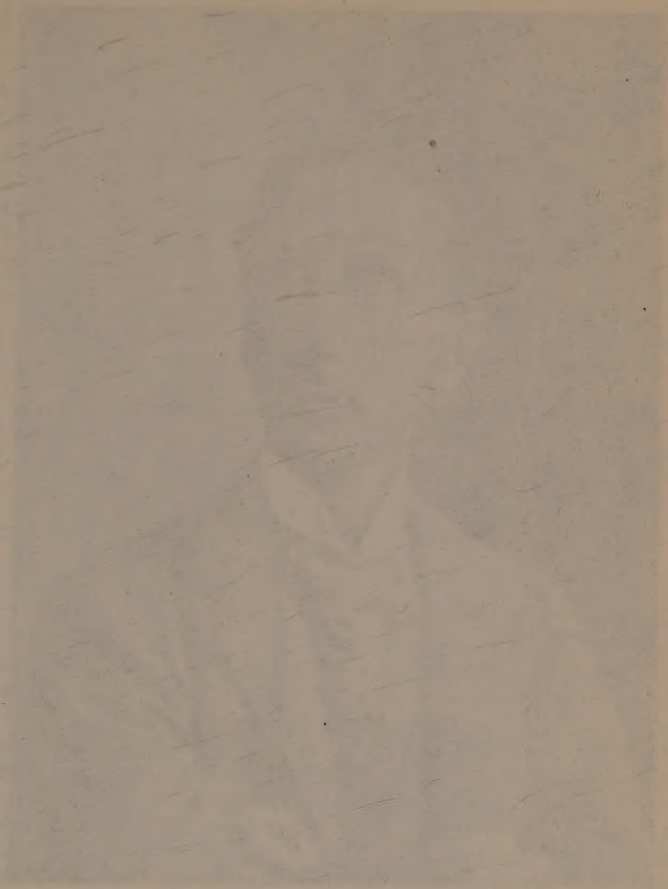
"Old Curiosity Shop" Examination—Result. *The Easy Chair*, December 24th.

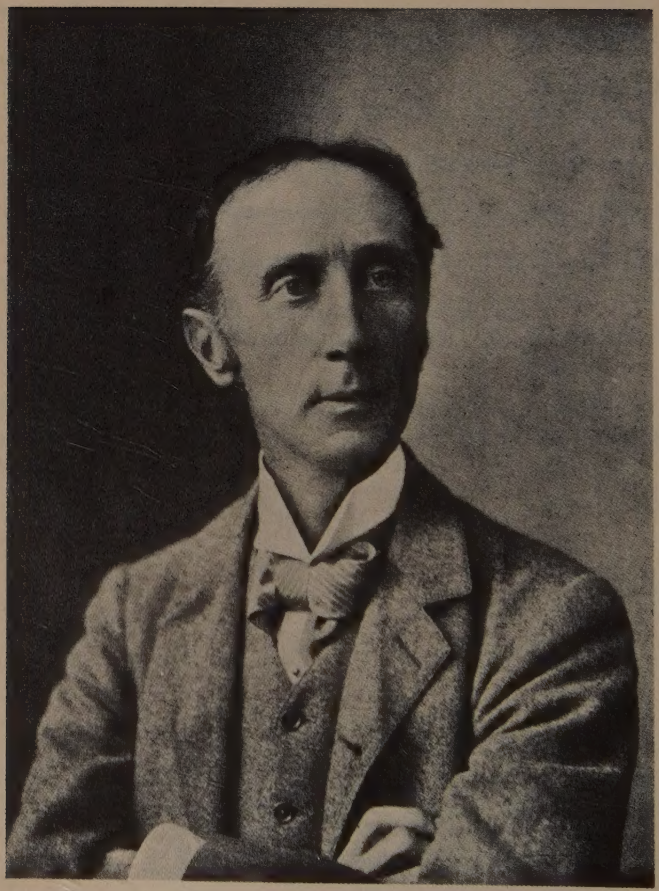
"Christmas in Dickens-Land." A reverie by "Old Fleet." *The Easy Chair*, December 24th.

"If Dickens were Alive." *Answers*, December 24th.

Our "Barnaby Rudge" Examination—Result. *The Easy Chair*, December 31st.

The Editor will be obliged by readers sending him particulars of articles or interesting newspaper cuttings relating to Dickens for inclusion in the above list.





HENRY F. DICKENS, K.C.
President of the Dickens Fellowship